

THE HIR PLAY.

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STE. GENEVIE, - MISSOURI.

MANGRAMME MAN-DEVIL.

The Story of a New Richmond (O.) Horror—Mangramme Atrocity—A Hanging Pa Composed of the Best Citizens.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

To those familiar with the peculiar characteristics of New Richmond, the late horrible station there will be a most astounding thing. The citizens of New Richmond, however, are particularly anxious to have it understood that the throng whistled down the cell and meted out punishment to the monster Mangramme in no sense a mob. They are particularly sensitive about the word "mob." Those who hung Mangramme composed of the very best and most influential citizens in the town and surrounding country—good men, and my of them prominent church members. The details of the case were so monstrous that the Methodist minister of the town—Rev. Mr. Hamilton—dared that if his assistance had been needed he would gladly have helped seth the rope himself.

The man Mangramme had been guilty of all the crimes which the law punishes—thief, falsed, rape and murder. The citizens clared before the hanging that if an uncertain assurance could be given that justice would be dealt the criminal by a law, they would not take his punishment into their own hands. But they had no such assurance. Murders had been committed in Clermont County number of times, and no man had ever been hung for it yet in the county. So they might well be doubtful.

THE TWO GIRLS

who were the victims both attended the Centennial picnic here on the Fourth, and danced and enjoyed themselves thoroughly, like the good innocent girls they were. They were pretty girls, both, and seemed to have been particularly modest and worthy. One of them, Mary Hooper, she who was so awfully murdered and mutilated, was married and had a little child, eighteen months or two years old. Both had respectable homes, but, because the times were so cruelly hard, these good girls thought they could add a little to their comfort by going out to service. The murderer was the picnic too. He sat all day beside the musicians' stand, and watched the girls who danced, and selected his victims. He is said to have stated that he had picked out five. It is certain that he had engaged four young women to do housework for his wife, as he said, Mary Hooper on Thursday, Amanda Abbott on Friday, a Miss Guttman for Saturday, and a Miss Short for Sunday.

Thursday afternoon Mary Hooper went away, as she supposed, to work for the wife of George Williams, as he called himself. He was a man of immense size and stature, a plain, farmer-looking man, with nothing suspicious or unusual in his appearance. Mary Hooper made ready her little bundle, and cried as she

KISSED HER BABY GOOD-BYE,

and asked her mother to take good care of the child till she came back. To me that is one of the most touching incidents I ever heard. Somehow I can hardly keep from crying myself while write it, remembering how they afterward found the body of poor Mary Hooper. Strong men and brave men cried and turned faint then.

Mary Hooper was never seen alive home again. A gentleman, near who farm her body was found, saw her at the man Mangramme walking past a place Thursday afternoon, two miles from New Richmond. An hour or so after that the man reappeared alone and coolly asked for and ate his supper at a farm-house in that vicinity, though he could not have been there very far from the body of his victim. A fiendish outrage and murder did not disturb his appetite.

Friday Mangramme appeared in New Richmond, and sold Mary Hooper shoes and basket to a woman for Friday afternoon he engaged Miss Abbott to go and work for him. He started early in the afternoon. He walked up the river two miles, then two miles more back in the country, toward the village of Laurel. He was careful to lead her through a wood, out of sight of any body or any house. Suddenly without a word, he seized her and threw her down. She struggled with all might, and screamed,

"OH! FOR GOD'S SAKE, LET ME GO."

"Hush! or I'll kill you," said Mangramme. "My brother and my cousin are up here in the woods waiting for me, and if I whistle they'll come help me."

Then he choked her. She was a

of considerable strength, and fought him desperately, as bruises and scratches on his neck and face afterward showed. Finally he got upon her breast with his knees, and pressed upon her with all his immense weight and choked her at the same time, and then she could resist no longer, and became insensible. When at length he left her he undoubtedly supposed she was dead. He tore off her breastpin, ear-rings and hat, and took them. He sold the hat on Boat Run for a quarter. Then he walked back to New Richmond, engaged another girl to go with him either next day or Sunday, and went into a drinking-saloon and sat down to enjoy himself.

But Amanda Abbott was not dead. How, when she came to her senses, she ever walked the four miles home will ever remain one of the strangest of mysteries; but, between 6 and 7 o'clock, Amanda, hatless, her hair torn down, her neck swollen out even with her chin, staggered in at the door of home, and fell on the floor. Her own mother did not know her at first.

"Is this you, Amanda?" she asked.

"YES, MA—THAT AWFUL MAN!"

was all Amanda could say. It happened that her father had seen the man no more than half an hour before, and recognized him by the description his wife gave.

"I was always so careful about my girls," said Mrs. Abbott. "Somehow it has always seemed to me that something like this was to happen. I don't know how it was."

The man was arrested, but was very unconcerned. Three or four times before he has been arrested for like crimes, and always got off easily, so why should he be afraid now? Friday night Mr. and Mrs. Hooper and another daughter visited the prison, and recognized the man as the one who had taken Mary away on Thursday.

"My God! Yes, that's him," said Miss Hooper, and fainted.

Saturday morning the prisoner had his examination in due form of law. A lawyer of the town volunteered in his defense, if any defense could be found. But early Saturday forenoon it was known that the lynching would take place that night. All that afternoon husbands, fathers and brothers gathered in from the country, until in this town of 3,500 people a crowd of 2,500 surrounded the doors of the Old Town Hall. I went to see the Old Town Hall yesterday morning, and found it in its years ago.

HOW THE LYNCHING WAS DONE

has already been reported in the Commercial. The door was locked and guarded by Constable Fitzpatrick. He is no coward, but Constable Fitzpatrick had business in another part of town about dusk Saturday evening. The door of the building was wrenched open, and then the crowd went at the iron cell inside. This gave them much more trouble. There are two cells, built of iron, and like the Station-house cells in Cincinnati. It took twenty minutes to open the cell, with the aid of axes, iron bars and chisels.

"Pa had to get a crow-bar"—said a sweet little girl to me.

"Hush-sh!" said mamma.

The prisoner ate his supper and relished it, with that whole surging crowd around the Old Town Hall. I saw the bread crusts he threw away lying still on the floor of the cell. He was a dainty fellow, was Mangramme, and didn't like crusts.

"Hang him to the tree across the street!" cried the crowd. But the owner of the tree objected, and they finally concluded it would not be well to hang him in the town limits, and so, with the rope around his neck, they took him back to the hill-side, a third of a mile away. They choked him considerably on the way out, and at the foot of the hill he asked for a drink of water. They brought it to him.

"It's the last you'll ever get!" shouted the crowd.

He took his chew of tobacco from his mouth, drank the water, and put his tobacco back in his mouth, not five minutes before he was looking up a rope with his feet on nothing. He was as cool as the devil, all through the whole horrible scene.

If the men who made up that crowd had not been able to wrench open the cell door, they had cans of kerosene all ready, and would have poured it on the wood-work and set fire to it, and burned up the prisoner and the Old Town Hall together.

The turnpike back of the town winds around a picturesque hillside, and is dug into the hill. Some 200 yards up the hill two small elms grew upon the steep hillside, overhanging the pike somewhat. One of these had been girdled and deadened. This was the tree over which the rope was drawn across a stout limb, projecting somewhat forward. Just in the crotch of

this stout limb the rope wore the bark off as it was drawn across. I saw it, too, yesterday.

A ditch is between the pike and the hillside. Just beside this ditch they gave the prisoner a moment to speak. "Where is Mary Hooper?" cried the crowd.

"She is in the second piece of woods back of Pond Run," he answered.

"HEAVE HIM UP,"

shouted the crowd. He was jerked over and thrown into the ditch. They think now that at last he meant to tell the truth, and direct them correctly about the body of Mary Hooper. He was probably nearly dead down in the ditch before he was drawn up into the tree.

At this point were manifested the only exhibitions of coarseness or real brutality observable through the whole proceedings. Some of the rabble, not the leaders of the party, but roughs who hung upon the crowd, sang:

"We'll hang George Mangramme to a dead elm tree," etc.

Then the same fellows gave three cheers, and some one shook the corpse by the leg and told it to "balance all!"

But, except just that, there was no rowdiness of any sort. After the hanging the throng dispersed immediately to their own homes. There was no drunkenness and no disorder. In an hour after there was scarcely a sound in town except the chirping of the tree-frogs.

Next morning the rope was cut and the body tumbled down into the ditch. Then a "Crown's" quest" was held, and the verdict rendered that the deceased came to his death at the end of a rope, "at the hands of parties unknown." The body was hauled away and buried on the river shore.

"I sat up in bed," said Amanda Abbott, "and saw them hauling him off on a dray, like he was a dead hog or something."

Miss Abbott is recovering. She has a grievance, however. "The Enquirer reporter said I was a brunette," said she, "and I've got blue eyes and brown hair."

When is a woman anything less than a woman? Miss Abbott would be noticed anywhere as a very pretty girl. She is very fair, with abundant brown, curling hair and blue eyes, very large and bright.

Where was Mary Hooper? When at length, towards noon of Sunday, her body was found, the right of it was found that had Mangramme been yet alive he would have been torn limb from limb in New Richmond, or any other town in the civilized world. It was a shame he was dead, so he could not have been hung over again, they said. And so it was. The worst tales of Indian ferocity can not equal

THE FIENDISHNESS AND HORROR

of the awful crime which had been committed on poor Mary Hooper. In the opinion of physicians who examined her remains, worms were devouring her before the life was out of her body. But my pen falters, and I turn sick. I can not write it.

It is probable that in the case of Mary Hooper, Mangramme had an accomplice, if not more than one. A brother of his worked at Spahr's brick-yard, below town, under an assumed name. It was not known that he was the man's brother until after the murder. He was not at the brick-yard Friday forenoon; Friday afternoon he worked, and Saturday. Efforts were made to induce him to join the lynchers, it being unknown that he was the prisoner's brother. He acted suspiciously all through. Sunday he left his employer, stating that he would stay around no town where they hung a man for nothing.

Some time afterward he appeared in New Richmond, and threatened to bring a lot of fellows and burn the whole town. He left pretty quick, however, after that, and has not been seen since. Had he been suspected of being an accomplice at the time he was in New Richmond another man would have been hanging to a "dead elm tree" before night.

As it is, the excitement has by no means cooled. The outrage was so awful, and the whole thing so terrible, that the people can not get back to their accustomed serenity in a day. Guards patrol the quiet streets at night, and it seems to me that in the state of mind the people are they would hang most any body at five minutes' notice.

Over the river, in Kentucky, the man Mangramme, a week ago, tried to induce another young woman to go with him to work, promising her \$4 a week. She refused to go, however, and thus escaped.

To-day I saw Mary Hooper's little boy. He is a sweet and gentle child, very bright for his age. Mary's life had not been a happy one, or an easy one, and all her hopes and ambitions were centered in this one little child. She was a good

musician, very graceful and lady-like in her manners, and unusually intellectual, though not educated. She had written for publication some little sketches, which were very promising, and had hopes that she might cultivate this literary talent to some advantage. We all have our darling hopes, you know, and that was poor Mary Bennett's. Her father is 72 years old, and awfully stricken.

"I don't think I shall ever be happy again," he says.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S plow can be seen in Agricultural Hall.

FLEECES of the Angora goat can be seen in the exhibit of the Argentine Republic.

THE Centennial Pyramid is composed of sugar. It is an interesting work of art.

THE images of saints occupy a prominent feature in the art products of Russia.

How confectionery is manufactured is practically illustrated in Machinery Hall.

THE Russian exhibit is said to surpass all others in the gorgeous display of chandeliers.

IN Memorial Hall is a beautiful mosaic representing the "Ruins of Pæstum;" it is composed of 700,000 small cubes of enamel.

THE display of Canadian insects is said to be one of the finest at the Centennial, affording an excellent opportunity for study.

THE Canadian educational exhibit in the Main Building is one of great interest. The attention it receives from the visitors from all countries is highly gratifying.

THE exhibit of the Portuguese colonies of Africa has just been opened in the Agricultural Building, and offers an interesting and instructive display.

IN the Tunisian exhibit can be seen a mosaic taken from the Temple of Diana at Carthage. It originally formed part of the floor of the temple, and is at least 2,000 years old.

A CARVED prayer-desk and chair by Professor Rinaldo, of Florence, Italy, are among the finest specimens of wood-carving at the Centennial. They are valued at \$3,500.

A BEST of General Grant composed of one wire of different colors attracts much attention. It is the work of a Peruvian lady, and is remarkable for its resemblance to General Grant in uniform.

IN the Hungarian department is a chandelier, composed entirely of clear and clouded amber and valued at \$8,000. It is said to be the most expensive piece of work of this description in the world.

THE farmers find an attractive feature in the huge Chester white hogs from New Hampshire. One is 19 months old and weighs 1,253 pounds, the other 21 months old and weighs 1,307 pounds.

THE Centennial Exhibition can not be taken in at a glance. A visitor who spent a day in a thorough examination of Machinery Hall, on a subsequent visit discovered a steamboat and thirteen locomotives and many other things which had not been noticed before.

THE marriage of Miss Bertha Dannfelt, daughter of the Swedish Commissioner-in-Chief to the Exhibition, to Mr. Christopherson, of the Norwegian Commission, was recently celebrated in the main hall of the Judges' Pavilion.

IN the French section of Memorial Hall a painting by Armand Dumaresq of the "Declaration of Independence" attracts many visitors. The names of the persons represented are placed beneath the picture, which greatly increases the interest of the spectators.

IN front of the Maryland Building, the Baltimore and Ohio Railway has put two of its locomotives on exhibition—one bearing the number "6," and the other that of "600." There is a difference of 40 years in the ages of those two machines; the first was built in 1835, and the other in 1875, and the difference in age is not greater than that of their general appearance. The tender of No. 600 is greater than the entire engine bearing the number 6. The old engine has an upright boiler, and the cylinders are in the same position. The power is conveyed to the whole by a sort of walking-beam with vertical rods; and there is a bewildering lot of cranks and rods, in strange contrast to the simplicity of the locomotive of the present day. The engineer had a very limited space for moving about, and hardly enough for standing-room.

A TELEGRAPH operator in New Hampshire had a thumb taken off by a discharge of electricity while at his key, and a lady operator along the line was at the same time rendered deaf in one ear.

MISSOURI STATE NEWS.

General Notes.

On the 10th, an announcement was made that all conductors on the Missouri Pacific Road and its leased lines had been discharged under order of the new Superintendent. Their names, etc., are as follows: Passenger conductors of the Eastern Division: John W. McConnell, Capt. Oliver Tibbets, E. C. Redfield, C. A. Pratt, C. B. Fuller, C. L. Dunham, D. G. Temple, L. B. Eveland. Of the Accommodation Trains: J. L. Cushing, James King. Of the Western Division: S. A. Denike, James Hall, B. W. Cole; of the Lexington Branch: Mr. Lemmon and James Merrifield; of the Booneville Branch: H. M. Sprague. Following is a list of new appointments: L. D. Hopkins, W. H. McDowell, J. D. Bernard, L. A. Radcliffe, C. E. Gallagher, J. C. Hooten, Wm. Spinney, and R. E. Fitzgerald, promoted from freight conductors; G. J. Du Bois, old Missouri Pacific conductor; L. D. Williams, from Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroad; J. Willis, from Toledo, Peoria & Warsaw Railroad; Edwin Adams, from Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad. No cause was assigned for the discharge of the old employees.

Barry County.

At Corsica, Sunday, the 9th, Dr. J. A. Halliday was shot and killed by a man named Crawford. At the time of shooting, the Doctor was escorting his wife and a lady friend to their home, near town; the coward met them, passed, turned and, coming to the front fired, the ball striking near the region of the heart. Dr. Halliday only had time to say, "I am dying," and fell to the ground dead.

Buchanan County.

On the 7th, at St. Joseph, John McNew, aged about 21, while coupling freight cars, was caught between the M. and A. coupling link, and run entirely through his body. Strange to say he lingered several hours with this terrible hole through him before he died.

A little son of H. B. Ketcham, a wealthy merchant of St. Joseph, while playing with a pistol on the 14th, fatally shot himself in the left temple.

Cass County.

At Pleasant Hill, on the 10th, a compositor on the *Reverie*, named Henry Buchanan, was fatally injured by diving into the lake and striking his head against a stump.

Greene County.

Rev. T. W. Pendergrass, of Springfield, had his right hand shot away, on the 9th, by the accidental discharge of a gun which he had under examination.

Henry County.

At Clinton, on the 11th, a Mr. Snowden, farmer, was thrown from his horse, and had three ribs broken.

Jackson County.

Gen. Joe C. Shelby to-day sent the following dispatch to President Grant:

KANSAS CITY, July 7.
TO U. S. GRANT, President of the United States of America, Washington, D. C.:
Gen. Custer has been killed. We once fought him, and now propose to avenge him. Should you determine to call for volunteers allow Missouri to raise one thousand.
JOE O. SHELBY.

A recruiting office has been opened.

Osark County.

A flood in the early part of the present month damaged property in this county to the amount of at least \$40,000, and on Lick Creek Mr. Wm. James lost his wife and two children, and a neighbor woman, who was staying with them for the night, also perished.

Pettis County.

On the 25, a 10-year-old son of Mr. Thomas Butler was drowned in a creek 10 miles northwest of Sedalia, while bathing.

A doctor, named Brandenburg, was severely cut on the 2d, in a fight with a barber named Schmidt, of Smithton.

St. Louis.

During the evening salute at the U. S. Arsenal, the 4th, a gunner, named Stokes, was blown a distance of 20 feet by the premature discharge of a cannon, falling dead.

William Hettig, a member of a rowing-club, was drowned at the foot of Poplar Street the night of the 7th by falling off of a ferry-boat. He resided at No. 200 Center Street.

John Brown, aged 24, a barber who resided at 119 Elm Street, was seized with cramps while bathing on the 7th, at the foot of Spruce Street, and was drowned.

On the 11th, Mrs. Thomas Murphy, aged 50, living at the corner of Menard and Main Streets, died from the effects of burns caused by the ignition of a can of kerosene with which she was trying to quicken a fire in a stove.

Charles Miller, aged 23, part owner of Mike's Hotel, corner of Third and Vine Streets, committed suicide on the 12th by means of strychnine. Disappointment in love the cause.

Johanna Welsh, a widow with three children, drowned herself on the 23d in a pond near her residence, near Twenty-third Street and Cass Avenue. Cause, whisky.

Mrs. Wilhelmina Gulbrundt, of 1821 Columbus Street, who was suffering from an incurable cancer, drowned herself, on the 12th, in a cistern belonging to her premises, to relieve herself from physical pain.

Early on the morning of the 10th, a fire damaged the foundry of Shickel, Harrison & Co. to the amount of \$65,000.

A project has been started to build here the largest hotel in the world. It will be called the Home Hotel, will contain 2,000 rooms, and accommodate 3,500 guests. The cost of the structure will amount to \$2,000,000.

A FELLOW was accumulating a fortune in Amador, Cal., by robbing the sluice boxes of miners. Every night for years he worked faithfully, and had stored away nearly enough money to go to his home in the East and live upon the result of his enterprise, when he unfortunately ran against a cord that was attached to a gun trap, and was instantly killed.